

Forty One in Miniature:

AN

Elegiack P O E M.

*wrote on the death of Genl. Parke who was
murdered in Antigua Decem^r. 4th 1710*

Inscrib'd to the

H O N O U R A B L E

MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq;

*Qui Caroli magnis incedere gressibus audes,
Proh Nefas! Caroli fata Cruenta probas.*

L O N D O N;
Printed in the Year 1711.

: stutbinne in die yso't

Neithur ist nix da goldt

attributed to the

NON O URABLE

MATTHEW PRIOR, Eld.

the Wounds, the Maims, the Bruises which he bore;

th. I am not and I am not to enhance the score

Qum Caroli in regni Anglorum

Prob Netas! Caroli into Crenata probas.

because he did maintain his Sovereign's Cause.

uffering no Enclashments on the Laws.

Rigo's life, which history must brand

ably, while the globe is in the

Printed in the Year 1711.

[Faint, illegible markings]

Forty One in Miniature

Emori per virtutem præstat, quam per dedecus vivere.

PRepare, my Muse, the wond'ring World to tell
An Action, sad as Horror, black as Hell;
Wider than Fancy, stranger than the Brain
Of Limners, or wild Poets e're could feign.

Then sing my Muse in Elegiack Strains,
The brave *Hortensio's* Agonies and Pains;
The Wounds, the Maims, the Bruises which he bore,
With Taunts and Insults to enhance the Score;

Because he dar'd maintain his Sovereign's Cause,
By suffering no Encroachments on the Laws
In *Riga's* Isle, which Infamy must brand
Indelibly, while this Globe's Base can stand.

Hortensio

Hortensio in this fatal Government
 Did Sacred *Gloriana* represent ;
 By him (stern Justice with mild Mercy mix'd)
 The Prince's and the Subjects Rights were fix'd.
 What Resolution did *Hortensio* shew,
 That Law might in its proper Chanel flow?
 How great his Pains ? At how much Care's Expence
 He studi'd *Riga's* Welfare and Defence.
 While he resid'd there, they did not know
 The Dire Invasion of a *Gallick* Foe.
 Too well the *Gauls* had prov'd *Hortensio's* Sword,
 As *Donauvert* and *Hochstett's* Plains record.
 This Colony so great a Chieftain blest,
 Till Factionous *Cinnas* did their Isle molest,
 Kindling Sedition, Bane of Peace and Rest.
 First they address'd, then rose in high Demands,
 T' engross all Posts of Trust in their own Hands:
 Since he did not their Humours gratify
 In Terms, with which his Faith could not comply,
 Chagrin'd that he'd not act, as they thought fit,
 The Male-Contents into a *Junto* knit ;
 When to keep close their damnable Intrigue
 With Vows and Oaths they bind their solemn League,

An Elegiack Poem.

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Knowing their Treason's certain Consequence
Would be Attainder; in their own Defence
By Deeds Clandestine and Sham Titles, they
To trusty Neighbours their Estates convey;
Such were their Arts, t' elude the Laws intent,
So Skill'd were they in Crimes, so provident
Thus arm'd against th' effects of Guilt, they joyn
With firm resolve to finish their Design.
Laid their dark Schemes, and by their dextrous Wiles
Gull'd the blind Mobb into Rebellious Toils
Such sly Malignants popularly Skill'd,
With Jealousies the Rout *Plebian* fill'd.

Whom *Cinna* thus bespake,

My Friends, if Nature could my Grief suffice,
Ev'n Floods of Tears should gush from out these Eyes,
Curst'd be the luckless Minute of my Birth,
That soon as born, consign'd me not to Earth:
Not to have liv'd to see this woeful Scene,
Our Isle a Victim to *Flortensio's* Spleen;
Curst Name—we all (Heaven knows) with Sorrow see
Our Selves involv'd in War's Calamity:

B

The

8 *Forty One in Miniature ;*

The publick Credit much engag'd in Debt,
While *Gauls* our Trade do daily intercept ;
For which I with these generous Patriots spur'd,
Thro' Zeal for all your Welfare joint concurr'd
To pass a Law, that Courts be held no more,
Till the blest time, when Peace shall shut the Door
Of awful *Janus*—But this good Intent
Cruel *Hortensio* stiffly does prevent,
And contumaciously denies assent.
Led by his Vermin Sycophants—Alas!
My Friends and Fellow-Sufferers, to what pass
This World is come. Blest State of Nature hail,
When universal Freedom did prevail,
When every Place to all alike was home,
And the free Salvages at large could roam
Without the Dread of Keepers, or restraint
Of Laws, the endless Subject of Complaint,
Those Shackles introduc'd by dint of Force,
And Craft, which jointly were Dominions Source,
When to keep up the Pageantry, the Wise,
Religious Rites and Symbols did devise,
And Priest-Craft interwove with Mysteries.

Call me a Slave
Call me a Slave
By

An Elegiack Poem.

By Imposition those were Vertues call'd,
These Vices, hence the Weaker were enthral'd;
We who like Fools did with our Birth-right part,
Feel the despotick Scourge, and curse the Smart.
Right of Possession now our Tyrants claim,
And by our Aid their Sovereignty maintain;
We tamely with the Loss sit down and want,
Spirit and Courage to resume the Grant,
Or now we should not our hard Lot bemoan,
That thus depress'd in Vassalage we groan.
Nor to our Petty Tyrant should we pay
This servile Homage, and like Slaves obey,
While he thus Lords it with imperious Sway.
Bids us be just, as tho' we did not know
What Justice meant, unless he told us so.
Go let him count his Beads, and teach his Herd
Such slavish Doctrine by free Men deterr'd;
All Popery! beware the Scarlet Beast,
He Humns and Haas—the Audience Sigh the rest.

Cassius improv'd where *Cinna* had been scant,
With Liberty's and Property's loud Cant,
Tells 'em from what that worthy Patriot said,
You see your selves bought, sold, in short betray'd;

For my part it's not what I'm like to lose,
 I nought can see but Chains or Wooden Shoes :
 Methinks to me each looks, as if his Back
 Were ready fadled to receive a Pack,
 There is but one way left in this Distress,
 That which the Records of all Realms express,
 When Tyrants do a Nation crush, it's known
 At what a price they should their Guilt atone,
 For those that in the Steps of CHARLES dare tread,
 His Fate deserv'd, deservedly should dread.
 Not to insist on Nature's Law, propense
 To ward off hurt, and arm in Self-defence.
 Now is the time, your vigorous Zeal exert,
 And shew who 'as most the Good Old Cause at Heart.
 Now is the time—since Bribes will not prevail,
 When those perswasive Arguments us fail,
 No longer look from Brutus for Support,
 To be sustain'd in Gloriana's Court.
 Our Int'rest there is sunk and lost, for those
 Who're Slaves to Scepters, are of course our Foes,
 Our Caledonian Agent's baffled Zeal, *Newman's Scotch Quack*
 Shews how in vain we for Redress appeal,

An Elegiac Poem.

8

To make *Hortensio* black, all Wiles he's us'd
The most aspersing Calumnies diffus'd,
Which *Gloriana's* Council views with Slight,
As the Result of Chagrin, Pique or Spite,
And what our *Caledon* can there suggest,
Will pass no more, no longer stand the Test,
Since our Attempts no further can succeed,
Your's be the Choice—He or your selves must bleed.

At length their Cursed Artifices arm'd
A Mobb with Rage, and Indignation warm'd,
Strain'd their damp Lungs, and cry'd out One and All,
We'll this Day have the Tyrant, or we'll fall,
With that *Cetbegus*—Sirs, I'm at a stand,
To think how much our Case does now demand
A speedy Remedy, and 'tis as sure,
A desperate Sickneſs asks a desperate Cure.
But tho' th' effects of Violence be due
To vile *Hortensio*, and his servile Crew,
By you Commission'd, I to him will go,
That your most just Resentments he may know,

C

I know

Forty One in Miniature;

I know his distant Soul—his Life to save,
With ease we may our own Conditions have;
He'll soon submit, and at your Mercy lie,
Ask a *Charte blanche*, he dares not but comply.

Hortensio, of their black Attempts apprised,
Such Measures took, as Prudence best advis'd,
Summon'd his Guards—but thought his Innocence
Fatal Mistake! to be his best Defence.
When from an Eminence the Heroe view'd
With Constancy the Rebel Multitude,
Whilst struggling Thoughts roll'd in his Pregnant Brain,
His Sentiments thus boldly he explains.
To what a pitch is Faction's Zeal arriv'd?
Behold a Scene of *Forty One* reviv'd!
What mean these Insults? Whither do they tend?
Avert it Heav'n's, or Innocence defend.
As to my self—it's fix'd, being in my Mind
To all Decrees of Providence resign'd,
But for my Prince! that gives the pungent Thought,
In me, Thee dreaded Sovereign they assault.

I know

How

How are the Ways of Reverence defild,
Lo! *Gloriana* wounded thro' my Side,
Dismal Effects of Insolence and Pride!
Howe'er, nor Threats, nor shall ev'n Death avail
To make me swerve, or in Allegiance fail.
In spite of Fate, my Duty I'll perform,
And thus resolv'd, I dare to meet the Storm.

Haughty *Cethegus* from the Traitors sent,
Acquaints *Hortensio* with their fix'd Intent,
Tells him of numerous Forces well prepar'd,
Auxiliary Negroes, their vile Guard:
Curs'd Slaves, whose dark Complexions did portray
Their Souls as coarse, nay blacker than their Clay.
Adds, that no Quarter was to be allow'd
Him, or his Friends, by the incens'd Crowd.
That if he'd take a Fool's Advice, and quit
The Ile—but he might do as he thought fit.
For sometimes Monarchs from their Rights recede,
And in it not the least themselves degrade.

Hortensio with a graceful Warmth reply'd,
Your Instance from the Argument is wide,

Forty One in Miniature ;

Monarchs may use, as they see fit, their own,
Shall therefore we encroach upon the Throne?
I, by my Gracious Sovereign put in Trust,
Dare strictly be to my Commission just.
If the Crown's Rights I basely give away,
And vilely that *Depositum* betray;
Curs'd to succeeding Ages, may my Name
Be stigmatiz'd with Infamy and Shame.
Tell me no Quarter? Wretches you mistake,
That Gift is scorned for the Giver's sake.
What, to be led your Triumph should I live?
Perswade me my Allegiance to survive!
How pusillanimous you'd make me? Know
You, nor shall any Rebel find me so.
Had I a thousand Lives, I deem them all
A Victim due, when Faith and Honour call.
'Tis possible I might give up my own,
There set the Bounds, but dare not touch the Throne.
You Sacred Powers, I solemnly conjure,
Who know my Heart is free, and Hands are pure;
If Rage drive further, and if Blood be shed,
May it lie heavy on each Rebel's Head.

Cethegus to the Malecontents return'd,
 Demurely whin'd, and Fate's hard Rigour mourn'd:
 Told them *Hortensio's* Stubborness and Pride,
 The wish'd Effect of Counsel had deny'd.
 † With Arrogance our Number he defies,
 And threats to burn this Town before our Eyes.
 With that the Mobb inflam'd, cry'd One and All,
 We'll this Day have the Tyrant, or we'll fall.
 At length they tow'rds *Hortensio* march, being led
 By *Cataline*, and *Clodio* at their Head; † *Pigott* † *Paynter*
 Whose Brains and Hearts were equally as hot,
 Or to foment, or to sustain a Plot;
 Whom Patriots urg'd Tyrannick Sway to crush,
 Thus spurr'd, they with a heady Rabble rush
 T' assault *Hortensio* in his House — O Scene
 Most black! O Insolence to *Albion's* QUEEN!
 Now they attack — when in the Rage of fight,
Hortensio's Guards the Ground unnoted bite.
Hortensio too himself — the Heroe fell!
 For what could such unequal Force repell?

† A False and Villainous Suggestion.

Keen Fortitude, his ample Soul confess'd,
 While Loyalty and Honour to attest,
 He bravely fell by Multitudes oppress'd.
 Th' Effects of brutish Rage let loose he try'd,
 Till spent with Pangs most exquisite he dy'd.

Here draw a Veil my Muse, light Grief may speak,
 Here Grief is stupify'd, and Words are weak.
 But is't not hard, my Muse should yet complain,
 To see *Hortensio* in *Britannia* slain,
 Murther'd afresh, by Calumnies of Men
 Much prejudic'd, and *Ba^{le}'s* ruder Pen.

This the Effect of all thy Service done,
 Of Zeal approv'd, and signal Valour shewn
 At *Schellengburgh*, and on the *Danube's* Banks?
 This the return? Barbarous! These the Thanks?
 Malice and Envy on thee Odiums cast,
 And Tongues licentious thy bright Laurels blast.
 Oh were my Genius equal to the Theme!
 (For well the Subject do's a Genius claim)

To thee a lasting Monument I'd raise
Of Strength unfading, and of deathless Praise
But where's the *Saevian* Muse, or *Montuan* Swan
To sing so great a Hero, such a Man?

Virgil

Till spent with Pangs most exquisite he dy'd

Here draw a Veil my Muse, light Grief may tear

Here Grief is supply'd, and Words are weak.

But is't not hard, my Muse should yet complain,

To see Horace in Britaina slain,

Murder'd at sea, by Cannibals of Men

Much pre-ordain'd, and Bo--a-ster Pen.

S I N I S

This the Effect of all thy Services done,

Of Zeal approv'd, and equal Valour shewn

At Sebeling bays, and on the Danes's Banks

This the return? Barbarous! These the Thanks

Malice and Envy on thee Obtrude

And Tongues licentious thy bright Laurels pluck

Oh were my Genius equal to the Theme!

(For well the Subject does a Genius claim)

An Elegiac Poem.

To thee a lasting Monument I raise
Of strength un fading, and of deathless Fame.
But where's the Samian Mule, or Mantine Swan
To sing to great a Hero, such a Man?

1712